

RESTORATION

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Saga of an Immigrant "A Displaced Person" Is Told By His GI Son

By Anthony Constable

In a recent issue of Restoration we discussed the plight of the homeless millions of displaced persons — and the attitude that would bar them from the New world. Let us now publish this story, written by the son of an immigrant of half a century or so ago, as a typical example of the problems they will meet—and conquer—in this hemisphere, and of the blessings they will bring to the country that welcomes them.

In the shadows of Madonna di Cap d'Acqua Church, on the outskirts of Ortucchio, Italy, close to the spot where Santo Orante, many years ago, was found kneeling in prayer, stand the village stables. Here, among the animals, for lack of proper housing facilities, slept most of the village boys. Many were the nights that Orante, my father, spent in one of these stables, dreaming of a land across the sea, a land full of promise and opportunity.

His mother, a widow, had known much sorrow. Orante was her sole companion, and the thought of his leaving made her heavy cross almost unbearable. But she had given her consent.

My father never ran for president, governor, or judge; but the tasks he did were all done well and helped to build our nation.

Alone in a foreign land, illiterate and almost penniless, he found the odds against him tremendous. But he was young and determined. He was directed to an Italian banker, on his arrival, where he received much needed information, especially where to obtain food and lodging cheap, and how to go about finding work.

He joined four other men, and a few days later the five found work on an excavating project in New York City. They were told to report the next day, but for some reason they stayed away, whereupon, five others took the job. These were all killed, the very first day, when a cable snapped, sending a heavy object crashing down upon them.

Fifteen Cents An Hour

After waking the sidewalks of New York, for three long months, during which time he had earned very little, Orante moved to Rochester, N.Y. He was put to work digging ditches from ten to fifteen feet in depth, at one dollar and fifty cents for ten long hours. The work was hard but he was contented.

Now he could pay off his debts and send money home to his mother.

All went well until a month later, when a cave-in almost buried him alive. He believed that only a miracle saved him, as he was buried up to his shoulders.

There was plenty of work to be had providing one kept on the go. Orante travelled from town to town, living in shacks and in box cars; never knowing the comforts of a real home. He worked on the railways, in shipping docks, on the waterways. It was a life of misery. Religion, which could have brought him succor, didn't seem to fit into the rough pattern he was forced to follow. The Church he had known so well was all but forgotten.

He met other Italian immigrants and made friends. This helped to drive away loneliness, but new heartaches were added, when parting came at the end of each job. Some of his friends married, many outside the Church. He too thought of taking a wife, but this type of marriage was not to be his, for, though he wasn't attending church services,

MOTHER-CABRINI



MISSIONARY

he hadn't forgotten all his Catholic teachings. Moreover, he still remembered vividly, a vision of a beautiful lady on a mountain top, seen when he tended cattle, as a little boy.

After nine year of work and struggle and saving, in October, 1900, he became a citizen of the U.S.A. He was 33 years of age. The following Spring, with \$200, he returned to Italy to visit his mother. Soon he was courting the lovely young woman, whom he married "until

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One heart and one soul

Twenty-five Years

The little cards just said that—humbly, simply they stated it—that Father Norbert Georges, OP, of New York, and Father William Dwyer, of Madawaska, were sending them out as a remembrance of having achieved twenty-five years in the Holy Priesthood.

A little card . . . A man . . . A span of years. What writer would undertake without fears and qualms to write the story these cards tell so briefly—and so fully? Can anyone, even a genius, capture on paper the rapture and ecstasy of a young man ascending the steps of God's Altar to say his first mass?

Can words convey the slow and the fast tempo of years spent in God's service? Can they adequately describe the loneliness and fears, the weariness, the temptations, the exultant joy and the growing faith?

Who could write paragraph, page, or chapter on the evergrowing eddies that are created by these men, and others like them, in the course of twenty-five years? Who could tell about the souls consoled, the hearts healed, the lives saved, because once long ago two young men heard the voice of God speak clearly in their souls, calling them to become other Christs? Can anyone write about all this?

We can't. And so we just answer the two little cards by bowing our heads and thanking God for Father Norbert Georges, and Father William Dwyer . . . and wishing them many more anniversaries.

Peace and Justice May Be Fruits Of Rural Apostolate

By Catherine De Hueck

We of Friendship House in Canada are engaged in the Rural Apostolate, yet THE VISION OF THE WHOLE, OF WHICH THIS IS BUT A PART, fills my soul. Perhaps it would be truer to say IT TORTURES my soul with the sweet torture of its constant call. Filling it with a hunger that grows with years, and which I know, will not be appeased in this world. Which nevertheless I must try to fill . . . or cease to exist.

For before me, etched in fire, are the words of the psalmist:—"LET THE MOUNTAINS RECEIVE PEACE FOR THE PEOPLE . . . AND THE HILLS JUSTICE!" PEACE! JUSTICE! The two gifts most desired in these our fearful days . . . the two gifts mankind dreams about the world over . . . hopes for . . . prays for . . . and which seem more unattainable than ever.

But my vision can give them to all . . . NOW! God's peace. God's justice. Which men themselves will bring to their fellow-men, because at long last they have caught a glimpse of CHRIST, THEIR BROTHER AND THEIR GOD, WHO died so that—THE MOUNTAINS SHOULD RECEIVE PEACE FOR THE PEOPLE . . . AND THE HILLS JUSTICE!

Eyes and Ears

Christ. Whose very word, as recorded in the Gospels, is a living answer to all our modern problems. Has been since He spoke them. And will always be, unto the generations to come. Until the end of time. But only if we open our eyes to behold their truth, beauty, and applicability. Only if we open our ears to hear and encompass their directness, simplicity, and radicalism.

How immense and simple then is this VISION that opens before every Catholic who has eyes to see and ears to hear. Immense and simple—because it is based on LOVE, has its very being in it; yet hard too, BECAUSE TO LOVE, ONE MUST FORGET THE PRONOUN "I" AND DIE TO SELF. No wonder then, the key to the VISION is the Cross. Forever a terrifying mystery to most . . . and yet, to those WHO LOVE, a glorious unending joy. Now and in all eternity.

This VISION I speak of is THE LAY APOSTOLATE WITHIN THE CHURCH. Old as She Herself, renewed in its youth, as the Church always is. True, for a while, under the duress begotten

by the Reformation (which made the Church itself fight for its precious, fundamental truths) the Lay Apostolate lay dormant. But Pope after Pope in our days has been calling to it—to awaken, to arise and to hasten out into the market places, the alleys, the by-ways and the highways of the world, to take part in the unique struggle the Church must wage today.



The whole world has become a battleground. A battleground for ideas. Two, to be exact. Catholicism and Communism. The issue at stake — A WORLD OF SOULS — Surely that is worth fighting and dying for!

To Battle Hell

All things of God have their being in the vast tranquility of His order. All walk in His peace. We the laity who are today called, so very urgently, so very specially, to become soldiers in the army of the Church, must do so under these twin flags of peace and tranquility — leaving behind all emotionalism, all sentimentality, all hustle and bustle, all the shouting and the arguments that characterize the armies led by the Prince of Darkness. Our arms are charity, poverty of spirit, simplicity of heart, and faith. Meekness and humility are our shields; prayer is our guide; and the Sacraments are our daily food.

Behold then the Lay Apostle thus arrayed. He is "terribilis." Like God Himself.

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

What a theme for a composer the Gospels are! THE WORDS OF CHRIST... THE WORDS OF GOD. Simple, majestic, infinitely beautiful. Each of them a song, all of them a symphony the like of which man has never created and never will—falling like soothing, consoling rain on our discordant world, bringing with it not only joy, courage, tenderness but peace. THAT PEACE THAT WE ALL LONG SO FOR. Like the crest of a wave, The Beatitudes give unity, completion, perfection to an already perfect theme. Listen: BLESSED ARE THE PURE OF HEART FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD!

Blessed are the pure of heart. The simple, the free-from-sin, the pure in conscience who already possess the tranquility of God's great order, and for whom the veil of Faith is almost gossamer in texture, so that they "see" God even now, here on earth in all created things, and their souls walking in the shadow of His Face, reflect it—bringing to us, the earth-bound, a foretaste of the final Beatitude—that of the eternal presence of God in Paradise.

Many think of this, the sixth Beatitude, as referring solely to chastity or virginity. No, it does not. Such an interpretation would narrow the vast, the infinite, boundaries of it. It takes in all those who walk the earth in holy simplicity... who shun sin because they love God and realize the price the Lord paid to ransom us from its dark embrace... and to keep their hearts pure for Him to rest in.

Think of it. HOLY SIMPLICITY. Two little words that would solve SO many big problems. To walk in holy simplicity through life means to trust implicitly in God. To trust in God is to be free from worries. To be free from worries means to be mentally healthy, to be joyous, to be happy always, in all circumstances, under all conditions. Mental Hospitals would be pretty empty, and many doctors, psychiatrists, and the like, would be back in general practice... if men studied the word of God more carefully, and captured its glorious music more often.

To be free from sin... because one is in love with Love... because one really truly shudders at the sight of a Crucifix, the emblem of Love dying for our sins... is to look at life with the eyes of God... to choose always the "better part"—His. Which means, in everyday terms, to be well-balanced, and to have real security, that of to day, on this earth, and that of to morrow—in eternity.

To have a pure conscience, is to walk unafraid—free from the thousands of fears that beset mankind. A Catholic in the state of grace walks in the glory of the Lord. He is a Temple of the Most Holy Trinity. He is a companion to the Mother of Christ, and to the galaxy of all the Saints. He is surrounded by choirs of angels and archangels. How can fear dwell anywhere near such a glory?

Yes indeed, the music of God's Word is breathtaking. But it is more. It is the only martial song... of the soldiers of Christ... that leads to PERFECT PEACE NOW AND FOREVER.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Once upon a time these five acres seemed to me a trifling bit of land, the fragment of a fragment of a farm. Real farms around here are apt to have three hundred acres or more, including timber and orchard and pasture lands.

It is true that sometimes in Chicago, speaking with the city yokels, I would let fall expressions meant to impress them with my wealth in property in phrases such as, "Well, I got to go home tomorrow. My hay's not in yet." Or, "why don't you come up to the farm this fall and give me a hand with the potatoes?" But I was merely talking.

How was any one to know I meant to put a knife and fork in his hands, and not a hoe? How was any one to guess my potato fields didn't stretch from horizon to horizon? As a matter of fact I did get some spuds out of that row last year. Small as marbles. But edible. And the hay? It's still not in.

I remember someone, not too interested of course, but just trying to be polite, asking me how big my "holdings" were—and my hesitant and seemingly modest reply that, if I hurried a little, I could walk the length of it in a day. I intended to add—but never got around to it—that if I took my time I could walk the same distance in eight minutes flat. Including time to light and smoke a pipe. Also including time to sit down and lace up my boots. Not exactly lying you see. Just using imagination—of a sort.

But all this was in the days before infarction.

Now it is different. These five acres are an enormous bit of territory. It takes the sun all day to pass over them, travelling at the rate of a thousand miles an hour from east to west. Or it is the earth that hurries around the sun? It takes the river all day and all night to get away from us. And it takes me weeks to visit all there is to visit on this magnificent plantation.

I suppose anybody else who had been kept on his back for three months or so would see the same miraculous changes in his land.

I was elated when the doctor said I could put on some clothes—pyjamas and a bath robe are not clothes, it seems—and walk around the place. I was elated until I started on my first long hike. Then the elation left me.

I decided to visit the garage first. The robins have built a nest in a chink in the eaves, and I wanted to see them. I started out intrepidly. I walked and walked. After a time I felt dizzy, weak, shaky. The garage was still a great distance off. I sat down, wishing I had brought lunch along, and a thermos bottle. I got up again, but not right away. And this time, I made it. I actually walked that 300 feet or so without a blister. I didn't set any speed record, but I was proud of myself just the same.

When I came back to my bed—how good it felt!—I put my hand over my infarcted heart. But the old ticker wasn't beating any too fast. Nor yet was it too slow. The long walk had tired me, but the pump was not affected. So, the next

time the sun shone, I decided to go still further—maybe even to the end of the piece that runs along the road.

It is not too cold here for June and July, and we do get a number of sunny days. And I do seem to get stronger and stronger as the days go by—even on those days when I merely lie out in the sunshine and watch the birds and the clouds, and the fishing boats that put-put up and down the Madawaska.

And now, should you visit us some day, I am strong enough to show you around our entire world here in the back bush. A personally conducted tour.



First let me show you the grove of pines, tremendous tall trees that cluster by the road. Some of these giants may be a hundred and fifty to two hundred years old. Look at the billions of pine needles on the ground. Fill your lungs with the clean odor of the trees. And now let's travel north, inside the fence, past the garage, to inspect the row of cedar trees we planted last year. Everyone of them is growing. We shall have a long and beautiful hedge some day.

If we start early, we shall get to the end of the cleared land in good time. (I still walk slowly.) Here the timber starts. And here are the bees.

Father Michael Haas of Raglan, an experienced bee keeper, gave us this box. The other one Catherine bought. If you start here, to one side of the hive, you can see that the bees are making plenty of honey. Look at the pollen on their legs as they hurry through the entrance. Doesn't it shine like gold in the sun? Look at the guards at the entrance, eyeing each bee that comes, demanding the pass word, and keeping tab of the time, the amount of honey, and the appearance of each worker.

There was a colony in the hive Catherine bought. But it swarmed. You'll have to get that story from herself.

We are far from the house, here by the edge of the woods, almost as far, it seems, as South Labrador from South Chicago. But we can make it if we don't hurry. Let us go through the orchard. True the trees look more like whips than trees,

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The B's Corner

Went a lecturing to Cornwall, Ont. Had a wonderful time and met a lot of grand people. Among them were several ladies who got interested in study clubs and libraries. I should say a library. So we sat down and devised ways and means as to how to go about it, and it came to my mind that many other groups in the U.S.A. and Canada may be interested in the same things, so here is a little blue print as to how to start.

But first, you may ask, WHY a study club, and WHERE does a library fit in? Well it is this way. You would be amazed, if you travelled as I have to do and meet as many people as I do, to find that the majority of our fellow Catholics seldom read a CATHOLIC book, rarely see a GOOD CATHOLIC MAGAZINE, and do not really KNOW their Faith well enough to answer the thousand questions that come their collective ways in even the smallest Community.

Yes, it is a tragic thing but alas only too true. And it was because of this that the ladies, alert and interested, decided to tackle the matter.

Don't be frightened by the words "Study Club." You gather once a week, in your homes, in turn. With a good study outline and a book to supplement it on the matter at hand, you discuss things simply and naturally among yourselves, and being all friends, there is no awkwardness or shyness. It is stimulating to say the least.

One acts as a leader, and again you take turns. The subject matter is read, discussed and the next "lesson" is agreed upon for next time. That is all there is to it, except of course the cozy little refreshment time that follows it, and more informal discussions.

Materials are available from many sources. The best is the NCWC of 15151 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C., and Father Lord's pamphlets from St. Louis, Mo. Topics to be discussed must naturally be settled by the group itself, but here are just a few to start with—Marriage, The Mass, The Life of Christ, Catholic Action, Labor, Sex, Education of Youth.

Myself, I like to start at the beginning. And that is, believe it or not, THE CATHECHISM. Astonishing how few adults know it! Then go on from there to Mass. Then tackle the Beatitudes. Marriage, and then the six other Sacraments. Now we are ready for the so called SOCIAL ENCYCLICALS of the Popes. On labour, on politics, on racism, on the education of youth, credit unions, cooperatives, back to the land movement, and rural apostolates—Catholic Action in its various guises. And believe me, if every Catholic were familiar with the above, this world would be a glorious place to live in.

It is all so simple too. Just friends gathering together once a week at each others' home talking these things over with the help of simple little outlines. And behold a new and wide horizon will be theirs! They will feel alive, useful, "doing things, going places" FOR GOD. What can be greater?

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Finally the long longed for moment came. I met the bees. Yes the ones that make honey. All winter long I have been reading up on them for it has been a dream of mine to have a little apiary on our five acres . . . and I felt sure our meeting would be a pleasant one.

That is until I actually, factually, met all 10,000 of them, buzzing in a little wire cage that came by express. I reviewed the directions, which nonchalantly stated that all one has to do was to open the cage take the Queen Bee in her special little box out quickly and shake some bees on her to keep her warm, placing the cage and all into the hive. Sounds simple?

But get that queen out from the mass of bees that cling to her . . . shake the angry workbees on her, place the cage into the hive . . . oh boy . . . what a job. I wish the books were not all so glowing, nor so oversimplified. A woman would have a chance to prepare herself. Anyhow, Flewly and I got them all into the hive as per direction and without being stung. Now we both feel veterans at the game . . . and are looking forward to at least fifty pounds of honey . . . if . . .

I guess St. Joseph never made three hundred dollars in his whole lifetime. Perhaps that is why my request seems preposterous to him . . . or maybe he wants me to cultivate the virtues of patience, trust and prayer. Be it as it may I thank him for that part of the three hundred that came in . . . and promise to wait patiently, praying diligently and trusting implicitly, for the balance.

For the pig sty is ready and its two occupants, the cutest little pigs you ever saw—Milky the Second, and Silky—are getting fat and feeling frisky. Now to pay for the woodshed, the cottage, the ice house. In your time, St. Joseph . . . in your own good time . . . not mine.

Eddie is ever so much better, and we thank again all our new and old friends for their letters, and cards, and above all for their prayers and Masses for Eddie's recovery.

As we sit back for a moment and survey all that has been done, a prayer of thanks comes to our lips. God is so good. The house has been painted inside and out. The garden is laid out, and planted. The orchard survived the winter in grand shape, as did the strawberry patch and the berry-bushes. Two bee-hives have been in-

talled. Two pigs have arrived and have been housed. A kitten was added, we now have Frosty the big Tom Cat, and Bobo the little one, plus old Skipper who is still around. Some of the office work has been caught up with. Both libraries have been opened—adults' and kids'. The clothing room is now a familiar service to all the neighborhood, and the story hour is known to all the village kids and anticipated by them monthly.

Restoration is fast reaching its first thousand—only a few more subscriptions to go—the Outer Circle letter is growing, and getting out on schedule. Mending has been caught up with. A women's Club has been established. The Sacred Heart Women's Guild of Combermere we call it. Mrs. Joe Perrier is its able president, Mrs. E. Marquardt its Vice-President, Miss Grace Flewelling its Secretary. Its purpose is primarily to help our pastor to raise funds, and secondarily a social one, for Combermere in the winter lets one provide one's own recreation.

Our first card party, given recently to raise money for the materials to make prizes with for Father's yearly bazaar, was most successful, netting forty-four dollars.

Our Red Cross Chapter was re-opened. Mrs. W. L. Waddington was elected Treasurer, Mrs. R. Jenkins its Secretary, and I its President. We are all hard at work on our first project, a sick room loan supply, so much needed here. Crutches, wheel chairs, hot water bottles, etc., for folks who may be sick and haven't got them. If you have any sick-room supplies that are lying idle, do send them to us. Please.

The Women's Institute, Branch of Combermere, is active too under the able presidency of Miss Catherine Farmer. It is an old established rural organization, interdenominational, and doing excellent work. In Combermere this year its main project—among many others—was a sewing class for young ladies. The dresses that were made would have delighted sophisticated city centers.

Yes many things happened in Combermere. Much has been achieved in Madonna House too. Much remains to be done. We thank all those who have made our progress possible. Alone we could not have done it.

Clothing, books, Catholic magazines, quilting material, old stockings, pencil stubs, flower seeds, etc., will be gratefully received.

PEACE AND JUSTICE

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self! For it is in Him, through Him, with Him, by Him and for Him, that the Lay Apostle will enter the world's arenas. He will begin the battle IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST. He will begin it in the same spirit as a Pater Noster is said.

Each Lay Apostle can choose his part of the battlefield. God of course will help him in his choice. He always does. With a special call—a vocation, and with all the graces needed.

Vast is the VISION, vast as God's world and His love. It embraces in the natural order the whole man, and

hence the whole of the so-called modern problems, issues, and difficulties. In the supernatural order it lifts man into the arms of God, where he belongs.

Orderly. Simple

Like an immense panorama that unrolls itself majestically before our fascinated gaze, one can see the orderly approach of the Church. It brings to the task at hand the long sought answers. It brings too the oils and wine to the age-old wounds infected with new viruses.

Distinctly, slowly, and with the unquestionable authority invested in Her by

Christ, Her Spouse, She speaks words of fire. Words of truth. In the language of Christ Himself. Easy to understand. Simple to follow.

Out of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men, born out of the passion and death of Christ, She builds the REAL SOCIETY OF UNITED NATIONS. On the eternal rock of His truths. Uncompromisingly She points out the real foundations for a lasting peace and a perfect justice: The Commandments of God. The Beatitudes. The Councils of Perfection. The Precepts of the Church. All based on the Gospels of Christ. All filled with social implications, which if integrated into the stream of our complex modern life, would make it what it should be—THE BEGINNING OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH, as Christ meant it to be.

Thus before the eyes of those who see, she erects the

YOUTH, both for MARRIAGE and for the broad SOCIAL CHRISTIAN LIFE AND RECONSTRUCTION that lies before it. Infinite are the remedies and ways the Church offers here. From the Holy Father Himself come orders and instructions for this part of the battlefield, as for all others. And such works as the PRECANA AND CANA MOVEMENT PROPER held to implement them. The J.O.C. TECHNIQUE OF CATHOLIC ACTION, stemming also from an encyclical of the Pope, touches this problem as it does many others. THE RURAL APOSTOLATE AND THE BACK-TO-THE-LAND MOVEMENT do likewise, as do others too numerous to mention in our short article.

Right here the horizons of the VISION begin slowly to enlarge before the eyes of the apostle. From the unit of society the family he steps into society itself. It is a natural stepping stone, for

and heal these wounds by implementing the VISION INTO THEIR LIVES AND THAT OF OTHERS.

Take your choice, Catholics, of the fields, in the Vineyard of the Lord. Labor? The Family? Youth? Liturgy? Economics? Politics? The Rural Apostolate? Credit Unions? Cooperatives? The Back-to-the-Land Movement? Preparation and training for marriage? Education of youth? The manifold works of the JOC? Or perhaps your predilection is for the sorest wounds, those that cry out loudest for help. Such as Racism in its many forms: Negroes, Jews, Foreigners? WHICH IS YOUR CHOICE? YOUR CALLING? WHAT PART OF GOD'S ACRES DO YOU WANT TO HELP TO TILL?

Do Not Delay

Whichever it is . . . arise and start . . . now. It is later than you think. And remember this . . . WHATEVER PART YOU TAKE . . . IT

MAKE READY THE WAY OF THE LORD —
MAKE STRAIGHT HIS PATHS —



CITY OF GOD, whose roof is the footstool of God, whose mortar is FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY. Only within its walls will a hungry and despairing world find the answers to all its immediate and long-range problems, be they economic, political, intellectual or spiritual. To all questions She has the answer. To all ills the remedy. Nor is this remedy a passing nostrum. It is a permanent cure.

First Reform Self

Let us for a moment examine THIS VISION of a Lay Apostolate that COULD RENEW THE FACE OF THE EARTH BY RESTORING IT AND ALL THINGS ON IT IN CHRIST.

First there is the Apostle himself, who setting out to reform a world, must begin with reforming himself. No special program is really necessary—CATHOLICISM LIVED AND PRACTISED IS PROGRAM ENOUGH. But since the individual apostle must learn to practice and live his Faith, knowledge, dedication, intense prayer life, daily Mass and daily Communion, will be his primary steps in that reformation of self that will bring into his mind, soul, and heart, that burning fire of love, that unlimited unconquerable zeal, without which he cannot begin to tackle the work at hand with any hope of success.

Then and only then can the Apostle begin the RESTORATION OF THE WORLD IN CHRIST to which he is dedicated. And the first thing to start on will be the HOME AND THE FAMILY. This will embrace THE EDUCATION OF

the family lives and has its being in this society with all its manifold economic, political, and social ties.

Select Your Place

Here IS the field of LABOR AND MANAGEMENT; of TRADE-UNIONS, THEIR RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES; of FAIR WAGES AND FAMILY WAGES; of MONEY AND CREDIT; of REDISTRIBUTION OF PROPERTY; of CREDIT UNIONS AND COOPERATIVES; of THE RURAL APOSTOLATE; and of THE BACK-TO-THE-LAND-MOVEMENT. Here the blueprints of the Church are clear, and work drawings detailed. The social encyclicals tackle each of these questions separately, and sum them up in the encyclical, on the Mystical Body of Christ.

Up . . . Ever higher into THE MOUNTAINS THAT GIVE PEACE TO THE PEOPLE AND THE HILLS THAT GIVE JUSTICE. The Church marches unafraid . . . presenting the natural with the supernatural way of life . . . LIFTING THE WHOLE VISION INTO THE ARMS OF CHRIST IN THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS, WHERE GOD AND MAN BECOME ONE IN THE MYSTERY OF THE EUCHARIST.

Returning to earth again to complete the whole divinely appointed plan . . . pointing out the evils that cry to heaven for vengeance, the wounds of the Mystical Body on earth that gape open and running . . . RACISM . . . NATIONALISM . . . MATERIALISM . . . PAGANISM . . . ATHEISM . . . COMMUNISM . . . Bidding the Lay Apostle to make haste

WILL NEVER STAND ALONE . . . ALWAYS IT WILL BE TIED WITH ALL THE OTHER PARTS . . . FOR THE VISION THAT THE HOLY FATHER PRESENTS TO US OF THE LAY APOSTOLATE IS ALL-EMBRACING . . . AND WOE TO HIM WHO TEARS ASUNDER WHAT GOD HAS JOINED TOGETHER.

The Apostolate of prayer, liturgy, retreats, will always be a part of all the others because it belongs to the very foundations of them. The family will always lead the apostle into the whole field of social Christian reconstruction for it is part and parcel of that field. So will the Negro, the Jew, the Foreigner . . . for the Negro (and the others) is a man. A child of God. A brother of Christ. He has a family. He is a worker. A citizen of his country. A voter. He, as all the others, needs every phase of the whole Apostolate.

THE VISION IS WHOLE, INDIVISIBLE, COMPOSED OF MANY PARTS, YET ALL INTERDEPENDENT, ONE ON THE OTHER. ALL NEEDING ONE ANOTHER. BECAUSE IT DEALS WITH GOD AND MAN. THAT MEANS THE WORLD, HEAVEN, AND HELL. IT ALSO MEANS—TODAY . . . THE TODAY THAT IS ANCHORED IN THE YESTERDAY JUST PASSED AND ALREADY MOVING INTO THE TOMORROW THAT IS NIGH, AND FROM THERE TO ETERNITY.

This CALL OF GOD, of His Church, comes through the holy pontiffs to the Laity, who are the members of His Mystical Body, which

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THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

A little knowledge begets a desire for more. That is where the library comes in. Oh, it is nothing elaborate. Books are expensive, and so many must contribute so that all will get them. The idea is to get a set of basic Catholic books. The Club taxes itself and buys one book a month — or, if it can afford it, more. The books are housed in the house of a member friend. All have access to it. It's that simple. But you know something? Bet you a nickel (it's all I can afford) against your dollar, that if you start like this . . . you will end up in having a regular CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY IN YOUR VILLAGE, TOWN, OR CITY.

And what is wrong with that, pray? Can anyone think of a better form of Catholic Action than the dissemination of TRUTH in its best form—that of BOOKS.

It usually happens this way. First the little group gets its books as described above. Many who do not belong to the Study Club hear about it and want to borrow them. That is swell. So you lend them. But soon you find that you must keep files, cards, etc., and that anyhow your home is becoming a public place—sort of . . . then the group gets together and decides (I hope) to make their Catholic Action project a Catholic Lending Library—for which they decide to rent a little store, or space, somewhere on a side street. The library is opened evenings, the members taking turns and their friends too, at being there from say, 8-9 p.m. Folks come. Books circulate. Truth marches on . . . and the library grows. Priests and bishops, get interested.

At first the rent is raised via teas, card parties, etc.—now help comes, and maybe enough for a full time librarian . . . and before you know it there will be born from the library a CATHOLIC LECTURE FORUM. For folks will be eager to pay to hear their favorite authors. Thus the village, the town, the city . . . will suddenly become conscious of the CATHOLIC TRUTH IN THEIR MIDST . . . ALLELUIA.

Don't believe, me? Write to Mrs. J. Dowd of 67 Fairfield Ave., Holyoke, Mass. To Mr. Peter Karl of Union Station Bldg., Utica, N.Y. To Mr. Robert Dolan of 7742 Overland Park, Kansas. They will all verify the above for that is how THEY started . . . and many more like them, whose names would take pages. Yes from little acorns.

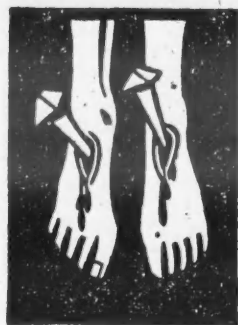
In case some of you ARE ALREADY interested, here is a list of BASIC Catholic books. This is my personal list. There are many others, I am sure, better than mine, which can be gotten from

many sources. But I have found these good so I pass them on.

The Liturgy of the Mass
Parsch Herder
Splendor of the Liturgy
Zundel Sheed and Ward
Liturgy and Personality
Christ the Life of the Soul
Marmion Herder
Christian Life and Worship
Ellard Bruce
Theology and Sanity
Sheed Sheed and Ward
Christ Our Brother
Adams Sheed and Ward
The Burden of Belief
Coudenhoven
 Sheed and Ward
The Dialogues of St. Catherine of Sienna . . . Newman
The Confessions of St. Augustine . . . Sheed & Ward
Progress Through Mental Prayer
Leen Sheed and Ward
The Holy Ghost
Leen Sheed and Ward
Imitation of Christ
What Men Live By
Tolstoy Pantheon
The Pilgrim of the Absolute
Maritain Pantheon
The Nature of Sanctity
Coudenhoven
 Sheed and Ward
Radiating Christ
Plus Burns Oates
The Sacrament of Duty
McSorley Columbus Press
Sacred Signs
Guardini Sheed & Ward
The Reed of God
Houselander
 Sheed and Ward
The Art of Happy Marriage
Magner Bruce
Bolshevism
Gurian Sheed & Ward
Christianity on the Market
Place
LaBedoyere Macmillan
The End of Our Times
Berdiayev Sheed & Ward
France Alive
Bishop McMullen
It All Goes Together
Gill Devin Adair
The Lord Help Those
Fowler Vanguard
The Lay Apostolate
Harbrecht Herder
The Layman's Call
O'Connor Kennedy
Fire on Earth
Furfey Macmillan
Mystery of Iniquity
Furfey Bruce
This Way to Heaven
Furfey Preservation
Social Wellsprings (2 vol.)
Husselin Bruce
Priest Workman in Germany
Perrin Sheed and Ward
The Rural Roads to Security
Ligutti Bruce
Sex Enlightenment and the Catholic
King Burns Oates
So You Want to Get Married
Grant Bruce
Training of Lay Leaders
Geissler Univ. of N.D.
Companion to the Summa
(4 vol.)
Farrell Sheed and Ward
The Morality of the M. Body of Christ
Mersch Kennedy
Screw-tape Letters
Lewis Macmillan
Eric Gill
Gill Devin Adair
Divine Pity
Vann Sheed and Ward

The Heart of Man

Vann Longmans
Morals and Marriage
Wayne Longmans
Saints and Social Work
Walsh Longmans
Decline or Rise
Suchard Fides
From Union Sq. to Rome
Day Sheed and Ward
Houses of Hospitality
Day Sheed and Ward
Saints at Prayer
Larson McCann
The Race Question
Lafarge Longmans
All these books can be obtained from book stores in the U.S.A.; from the Guild Book Shop in Ottawa, and the Campion Book Shop in Hildebrandt . . . Longmans Montreal.



R. I. P.

Claude McKay is dead. The daily press, and the Catholic press paid due tribute to the great poet, and man. Eddie and I want to just say a few words about our friend. For that is what Claude was to both of us. A friend.

We saw him last at a birthday party of Friendship House, Chicago, where he was the principal speaker. I remember well his words, as slowly laboriously, for he was quite weak, he said: "I do not want to be remembered as a Negro, nor as a Negro poet, just as an American and a poet who after long wanderings finally came home to his Father's House."

Yes, and that is what he was; a great American and a great poet who having come home, wrote about it beautifully, and left us some of his poems which we feel privileged to publish in this issue and the following ones of Restoration.

There was about him a great depth, tranquility that flowed like a mighty stream back to God where it had come from. There was too a deep understanding of beauty and life. He overcame so many odds. He knew the bitterness of poverty, of pain, of loneliness . . . Just as well as he knew the passing shadows of success and popularity. His was the great search for truth, and the infinite joy of finding it. He will rest in peace, because he found the source of peace. Remember us, Claude, before the face of God at which now and forever you shall be looking!

SAGA OF AN IMMIGRANT

(Continued from Page One)

death do us part" before the year was over. Fourteen months after the wedding, leaving his bride behind, he returned to his adopted land.

Work In The Mines

He found work as a coal miner in Big Soldier, Penna. His wife came eight months later, and for the first time, he settled down to enjoy his new country, especially so, when, a year later, they were blessed with a baby boy. However, this contentment didn't last, for within another year the coal mine gave out, and once again they were on the move.

They made their new home in a neighboring mining town, September, 1905; and in January, 1906, when I was born, a strike paralyzed the mines, making living conditions almost impossible. My parents often tell of their grief, as they saw all their plans shattered. By the time work was resumed they had incurred many debts, enough to make one give up in desperation, but the immigrants who built America were not quitters.

Mother took in boarders, in order to lighten dad's burdens. But as things were looking better, they suffered another set-back. Dad was struck down by a coal car, and layed-up for several months. From then on, mother became most anxious to have dad leave the mines.

In another town, our home was situated on a hill with a perfect view to the mine's entrance. Several times during every month, a procession could be seen leaving the mine, and winding its way towards town. This meant that one or more miners had been injured or killed.

Imagine the torment suffered by the miners' loved-ones as they waited anxiously to learn who the victims were and how serious the injuries. Many of these accidents could have been avoided, had wages been more reasonable. As it was, in order to earn their scanty fifteen to twenty dollars every two weeks, the men took no time off in order to safeguard themselves against impending dangers.

An American Soldier

On Santo Orante's feast day, March 5, 1915, my parents moved to Geneva, the "Queen City" of the Finger Lakes, in central New York.

Here, on their three acres, they've lived ever since. Dad, having worked on the railroads many years, is now retired with a pension, which, though not very much in these days when the sky is the limit on prices, nevertheless helps tremendously.

Their seven children have married and each one has a family—with the exception of the writer, who, though having been married for thirteen years, was not accorded the privilege of being

a father.

My wife went to heaven six years ago. I, then, went to live with my aging parents. Two months later Uncle Sam grabbed me and hung on to me for three long years. When he let me go, I returned to my mother and dad, hoping to enjoy a good long reign of peace.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

but they'll have apples some day.

Through the orchard, past the pig pen where two white piglets root in the soft brown earth—Milky and Silky—and thence by the fenced-in vegetable garden.

That's Catherine with her back to us, gathering the big lush strawberries for our lunch. No. Not that one. That's the scare crow.

So. We are back at Madonna House after our long adventurous trip—and staring again at the river. But we haven't finished our survey that easily. See that narrow bridge over the slough? That leads to an island—and more woodland. Nick Makletsoff, Catherine's cousin, is putting up a log house on that island.

Some day, when we are not entirely played out with this grim business of walking, I'll take you across the bridge and show you what's on the other side. You can throw a line off the bridge, if you like, and catch yourself a turtle or a fish. Or you can just sit down and bask in the sun and enjoy the beauties God has spread so lavishly everywhere around.

The day will come, the doctor believes, when I shall be even stronger than I am today—when I can travel all around these acres without even raising a sweat. But never again shall I regard the place as little. So, if I should ever again be heard inviting anyone to come up and spend a day or two looking at my orchard, it will be understood that—in a way—I am not really exaggerating. I am just remembering the time when it took me two days or more to visit all the trees—and in my infarcted heart I am thanking God that He has ended those days at last.

PEACE AND JUSTICE

(Continued from Page Three)

is suffering and needs help desperately, urgently, NOW. This is the real issue of our day . . . THE WORLD OF SOULS!

If we keep THIS WHOLE VISION BEFORE US . . . then, and only then, can we discuss the Rural Apostolate intelligently . . . in its light, and as an integral part of it.

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